

## What to Eat When Meat is Dear

**Delicious Dishes that Cost Little and are Much Neglected by Americans**

There is no country worse prepared to struggle with any kind of meat famine than this. Americans eat more meat than any other nation in the world, and they eat better meat.

The average quality of the meat sold here is higher than it is anywhere else in the world, and the poorest American would shudder at the thought of eating horse, although in the continental countries of Europe that animal, after life's fitful fever, is regarded as a luxury on the table. Here the poor are accustomed to beef and mutton as a part of their daily food.

The French have always been considered the best managers in housekeeping, which means that they are able to get more for their money than the buyers of other nationalities. Amusing instances of this are to be seen in a shop on Sixth avenue which has amused its customers many women of that prudent nationality.

They will keep one of the butchers occupied for half an hour trimming and boning a section of neck or a slice of chuck steak until it is just the form they want it, and they jealously resent any attempt of the butcher to throw away anything that belongs to their portion of meat. They want every little bit that would in other butcher shops go into the scrap bags. All kinds of strange looking cuts are converted by these expert butchers into attractive meats for roasting or boiling.

Then the woman goes to the cashier and pays 12 cents for her purchase, and the astonishment of the man who has just paid 40 cents for a sirloin.

This sort of economy in the use of meat is almost unknown to Americans, who have been used for a long time to eat so much of it. If they have eaten less recently it is in a measure due to the fact that physicians have for a long time been urging patients to eat less meat and have even restricted the eating of red meats to three times a week.

Only once a day, in any case, should meat be eaten, these physicians say. This is different from the old-fashioned régime of beefsteak for breakfast, roast lamb in the middle of the day, and salt meat or chicken for dinner. This menu still exists in the South, where meat, although not so good as it is here, is eaten in greater abundance.

The diminution of meat eating here is not to be denied, and it has come about from purely sanitary considerations. On the bill of fare of a quick lunch restaurant yesterday was a dish that a regular diner had never seen before. "Ham croquettes, 10 cents," it read.

"Why, I'll tell you what that is," said the manager. "That dish is the result of the increased price of meat. The cook asked me yesterday if I would not let him try to make croquettes from the parts of the ham that had always been thrown away before. So he tried them, and they were as much in demand yesterday as anything on the bill."

Now that the price of meat is higher, substitutes for the best meat will have to be thought of in many households. One of the best foreign dishes which has never become popular here is boiled beef. It is regarded as a luxury both in France and in Germany.

It is occasionally found on the bills of fare of German restaurants, but it is never good enough to make its European vogue understood. On the other hand, private cooks can boil it with a sauce, and it is delicious. The meat when it has been properly boiled should be almost white and not, as most boiled beef is, of a stone color.

The rump, which can be used for boiled beef as well as the more expensive parts, costs less than half the price of a roast of beef. If well cooked and served with a really good horradish sauce, it would be liked by anybody.

The sauce should be of a consistency of cream, and this is accomplished by cutting the horradish into very fine bits. The sauce is made with a little milk and served hot. It should be whipped until it is light.

Germans always serve with boiled beef a salad of up radicchio, cut as thin as paper and saturated with salad dressing. One of the best foreign dishes which has never become popular here is French. This dish provides all in the way of meat that one could want at a dinner, and the price of it even now puts it within the means of many persons.

Chuck steak will make beef emine fit for a king. After it has been boiled well, yet not overdone, it can be chopped into medium sized pieces or cut up as a sausage machine, which is an implement that must be in the house nowadays.

Flavored with green peppers, which should be cut into slices and laid on top of the chopped meat, which is served on buttered toast, this makes a filling and very good dinner dish. Ten cents a pound is the cost of this kind of beef now.

Another way of utilizing beef that sells for 12 cents a pound now is to eat it cold. It must, of course, be boiled to have the requisite tenderness.

A plate piece which weighs ten pounds can be made to serve many purposes when prepared in this way. It should be allowed to simmer in just enough water to cover it until the bones fall out. Only a little of the water should be allowed to remain in the pot.

The meat can be put into a press or merely set under a plate with a weight on top of it. When the beef has cooled, it may be eaten in this way or sliced thin and broiled on a small broiler. Then the thin steaks are served with a thick butter sauce into which pimentoes or bits of red pepper have been put.

Out of the meat that remains after the soup bone has been cleaned can be made very good hash, which, if put into the middle of a pan and surrounded with a border of potatoes, put into the oven and browned, makes a very good dinner dish when properly flavored. If chopped up onion and thyme or some other herb be added, the flavor is additionally good.

Beef loaf is a delicious substitute for more expensive meats, and needs no compelling beef steak in apology. A plate piece which has been boiled in accordance with the directions given above should be put into the sausage grinder and made as fine as possible. With this are mixed enough crumbs of toasted bread to give the mixture consistency, chopped-up onion, a little red pepper and thyme.

The whole is pressed into a loaf and allowed to remain for only a few minutes in the oven. It is then turned out of the mould or pan and eaten cold. The same delicious loaf, which is served in slices, may also be made of veal.

In a similar way it is possible to make

a delicious beef gelatine, using other meats. All the French cooks add ham and sometimes a bit of Italian sausage such as salami or bologna to such meat dishes, and there is no denying the fine flavor that the ham adds.

For the gelatine the boiled beef is used, and with the chopped ham and some French sausage mixed with it the taste is delicious enough to convert even the most hardened beefsteak eater to the belief that something else besides sirloin is worth eating.

The roast beef must nowadays be made to exhaust all its possibilities, and these are so great that sometimes another meat must be allowed to intervene. After it has been cold or broiled if it is rare enough or a ragout or in croquettes.

There is one more dish to be made from it after that, although this may not be in the repertoire of the usual cook. There is the delicious grilled bone, beloved of the frequenters of chop houses.

But there are other portions to the bones served in these places. It is by holding the bone that the beef is cut. The steward grabs the beef in that way and the bone is apt to have been pretty well handled before it gets to the grill.

In a private house there can be no drawbacks of this kind to the enjoyment of the bones. They should be put into the oven and roasted until the meat clinging to them has been thoroughly well cooked. It should, in fact, be almost burned to a crisp on the outside.

Over the bones before they are put into the oven should be sprinkled enough dry mustard to give them flavor. If they are to be served as the principal meat dish, they are improved by having tomatoes, enough for the meat course of a dinner and pepper, put on top of them.

Most of these dishes are possible from other meats. Stuffed shoulder of veal is as good cold as hot. Cold pork and ham chopped up together make a delicious croquette; and the ham croquettes, when they are sufficiently mixed with bread crumbs and potatoes not to be too salty, are a delicious incident of a dinner and a good thing for the meat course to persons who do not have to eat a great deal of it.

The beef loaf described may be made with pork, ham or veal.

The least expensive parts of the lamb are quite as good for some purposes as the most costly. The neck is, for instance, used in all the best restaurants for a ragout.

The butcher will separate the joints, which should be fried before the bones are taken out.

The mere fact that the prices of meats are high now should not discourage any housekeeper who is willing to take a little more time to make her family comfortable. To make these various dishes as good as they really can be is a test of a cook's skill, and it is in those countries in which meat is scarce that the women have learned to cook best. They are compelled to make up by their own skill for the lack of natural flavor in meats.

Flah may, of course, be made to take the place of meat in many ways. One is in the fish salad, which is hearty enough to make it quite easy to get along without meat at the meals supplied with it.

The best fish for the purpose is halibut, which should be boiled. Then it is served cold with mayonnaise dressing, cold tomatoes, some lettuce and a few string beans. All, of course, are cold and the salad is substantial and filling enough to be a substitute almost for roast beef.

### TWO MILES IN TWENTY YEARS.

Metal for Stiveness Apparently Belongs to This Terrapin.

From the Winchester (Va.) News Item.

Mr. J. M. Stadden, a prominent resident of Winchester, Clarke county, and a former resident of Winchester, was in this city recently and brought with him a terrapin which has rather a remarkable and certainly a most unusual history.

Just thirty years ago, in 1874, Mr. Stadden came across the terrapin on his farm, and on the bottom of its shell he inscribed the date. Every time since then that he has seen the terrapin he has put the date on the shell, and the entries are as follows: 1874, 1875, 1876, 1880, 1881, 1882 and 1884.

On the latter date Mr. Stadden carried the terrapin to spot near Stephens, fully a mile and a half from home, and then turned it loose. Mr. Stadden has always held to the theory that terrapins and turtles will always endeavor to wander back to the spot of their birth, and to test the theory the terrapin was taken to Stephens.

That was twenty years ago, and during all the intervening two decades Mr. Stadden never saw his pet. In fact, he had forgotten all about it until one day recently he came across a terrapin under the very mulberry tree on his farm where he had found a terrapin thirty years ago. Turning the terrapin over, he was amazed to find that it was his old pet. There were all the dates, the initials that had been placed there from time to time, grown larger, of course, with the terrapin, but just as distinct almost as when they were first inscribed.

In order to get back to his usual feeding place under the mulberry tree from Stephens, the terrapin had to cross several streams, traverse wooded bluffs, treacherous ravines and make a journey of two and a half miles, but, guided by an unerring instinct, it had found its way back to its home—a living object lesson of what perseverance can accomplish.

To one who does not know better, the thought of gymnasium work on a hot day when one is tired is not inviting. But there have been converts a plenty to the idea since this gymnasium was opened in a district where it elbows big office buildings and factories and mercantile houses.

The women do not have exclusive privileges in this gymnasium, for there are men's classes, too. Bankers, lawyers, merchants, men of all sorts and conditions in the commercial world are getting into the habit of dropping in here for a few minutes

### JOLLY SUMMER HOUSE PARTIES

A STYLE OF ENTERTAINING AT WHICH AMERICANS EXCEL.

The Guests Expected to Help Along the Fun—American House Parties Livelier Than the English—Fees to Servants Are a Serious Drawback to Them.

The American summer house party is shorter than the English house party, but it is jollier while it lasts, say people who have tried both.

England has been giving house parties for centuries, America has been at it only a comparatively short time. Nevertheless the American style of house party has gained fame on both sides of the Atlantic, even though it does differ in some features from the English.

In England, for instance, a summer guest is often not asked to stay two or three weeks, while it is now almost unheard of for the American hostess to exceed seven days when making a bid for any one's company. The smartest hostesses and the smart folks they invite to their houses alike seem unwilling to lend themselves to each other for a longer time than one week.

The restlessness of the American temperament, it is pointed out, accounts for this and so does the tendency of Americans to take their pleasures hard, to crowd into a week as much as would last English folks a month. At any rate, a short and a merry house party, is the motto of the American hostess just now.

She is careful, if she knows her business, to leave her guests more or less undisturbed of a morning up to the noon hour; but, after that, for the next ten hours or so, all hands find the pleasure programme pretty well crowded. The penalty paid by a guest at an American house party, as one of them grimly remarked, is that he or she must put his best foot foremost to promote the fun. That is why he is asked.

Not long ago a young woman with a decided talent for theatricals, quite tired herself out in helping along some charades and tableaux at one house party, only to find when she moved on to be the guest of another friend that the latter had also put private theatricals on her programme and was counting on the help of her gifted guest to put them through.

Many a person of money and position is never asked to a house party, simply because she—she—she is not a good cook. In this respect because more difficult to get hold of for house parties—is so dull. Others, on the other hand, get more invitations than they can accept, because they are bright.

Some are asked once or twice, but never again. They have been tried and found wanting.

Society understands this perfectly. Hence it happens that young, middle-aged and old women are taking far more pains nowadays to cultivate the art of being amusing, or at least pleasing, than the old fashioned woman ever dreamed of. One pretty young woman who is not gifted with a very high order of mental attainments, and has no memory worth speaking of, confessed to a friend that she also had a hard time of it, by dint of studying hard for many days, four or five funny stories which, as occasion required, she meant to get off for the edification of her listeners in order not to appear quite a dunce.

"My uncle put me on to that," she explained. "He said that in every company there was bound to be one or two who had not heard a story or two, and he wanted to make sure that they at least would be pleased, and I would appear to more advantage than if I sat all the time like a mummy, which I am inclined to do."

"What is expected of a guest?" repeated a New York woman, an expert at entertaining. "I can more easily tell what is not expected of one."

"She must never whine, never show dependency, never all symptoms of illness, never feel lonely, never sigh, never talk about predicaments on a street car," said a man who can remember when there were only horse cars in the city. "I was to take my best girl to the theatre, and I was to leave her alone, and I was to be afraid of leaving the tickets behind, so I buried them in my dress suit, I think, without ever letting go of them. We landed at the theatre all right. I was mentally shaking hands with myself that I had not choked my own wife."

"Well, would you believe it, every chance that woman got from the time she arrived until I thankfully said goodbye to her, she insisted upon telling about all the cures she had tried while in Europe, how each had affected her and what she thought about it all, what her doctor's opinion was and so on. It was simply awful."

"From being to end, there was a pall of cold water on our fun. And to make matters worse she seemed to think we all ought to try to coddle her, just as if it was a familiar thing she was visiting."

"House parties are one of the costliest ways of entertaining, and it is only fair to make a business of it. The solemn person has no business to accept an invitation to a house party."

"Another torment is the guest who has no voice and yet insists upon singing for the amusement of the crowd. Now if it happens to be a topical song or a conundrum, it is a good voice can be dispensed with, provided the interpreter has the right sort of accent and style of delivery. But as a rule the women who sing are not good singers, and they could sing, and yet had neither voice nor ear for music, always attempted operatic selections such as the 'Star of Bethlehem' and 'The Valley of the Sea' and 'Children of the City' followed; but none of them equalled the success attained by the song who sang by Mrs. Maybrick, whose tragic history has at length been brought to a peaceful conclusion, and who may with special propriety be sung:

Hosanna in the highest,  
Hosanna to the King.

On Saturday we have a number of teachers from Jersey City who come to take dumbbell exercises, drills of different kinds that they can use in their work. Some of these are artistic and at the same time vigorous enough to be of great value.

"Some of the young women in offices, bookbinders and factories near by come in for boxing and sing-song work. Women take very well to boxing."

"The principal trouble in all these things is that a woman is too eager, too enthusiastic. She wants to jump right in and do a championship bout the first time. She doesn't like to analyze and go at the work by degrees."

"It may sound paradoxical, but the same exercise given to two different women often has exactly the opposite effect on one from what it does on the other. It is largely a matter of pace."

"For the thin woman, who is probably nervous and quick actioned, we make the movements slower; and in some cases have gauged several pounds in a few weeks of work."

For the woman who has grown stout because of sedentary employment lack of exercise, or any number of other causes, once her heart action has been established we gradually increase the pace until she finds herself taking the same movements, but much more vigorously than her thin, nervous sister; and she will be reduced while the other gains."

"In our evening classes we have advanced work. Some of the same women who come in the daytime, and there are others who have more or less gymnasium work elsewhere."

This is the first gymnasium open to women below the shopping district. It looks like a place for busy people. There are no luxurious reception rooms, nothing to tempt one to loiter and gossip with friends who come and go.

No one who comes has more than an hour to spare, and this only gives time for getting into a gymnasium suit, having a few minutes of brisk exercise, a shower and rub, then getting into street clothes again. But this hour is a boon to women who work.

looked to, are egged on in fact, to do all sorts of stunts—the more foolish the better—but the singing of sentimental ditties off the key is not among them.

The amateur singer has gone by, in fashionable circles at least.

One drawback to the pleasure of the American house party to some persons who are invited to several in a season, and who are anxious to accept the invitations, is the fees which must be dropped among the servants. These, to be sure, may not be larger nor more numerous than they are in England, although that point is disputed; but, then, the American guest seldom stays so long as an English guest, and therefore is apt to make more visits in one season. In the aggregate, consequently, the sum paid to the servants is pretty large.

One fashionable woman of only moderate means complained recently to a friend who was present when she got an invitation to visit an acquaintance at a country house for a week, that she could never get away from that place without disbursing \$20 among the servants, even though her fees were not distributed more differently.

"Five to the cook," she counted, "five to the butler, two each to the second man, the coachman and the chambermaid, the lady's maid, the footman, the dress-maker and one each to two other servants with whom I made a good deal in contact. The other servants I ignored."

"In four other houses at which I spent a week I did the same thing. Do you think," she inquired, anxiously, "I could give any less or distribute the money differently?"

"As far as go now," was the answer, "you are quite modest. Unfortunately the millionaires who go visiting—and there are a great many of them—pay out in tens and dollar bills, sometimes bigger ones, and that makes the fee of the ordinary guest suffer by comparison."

"I have learned, though, by putting the question point blank to a number of my friends, that there is a disposition to keep the fees down rather than to put them up. Some guests insist upon leaving a dollar with every house servant in the place, giving the heads, of course, much more than the tails. They are not only the servants, they come in contact with, just as you do."

"Mrs. Blank, who certainly is able to fee her servants, is more or less obliged to give more than \$2 a head to the servants who contribute to her comfort during a week's visit—and she never stays longer than a week; but they are not only the servants, they come in contact with, just as you do."

"On principle she will not give more, although she knows that she is being twice as well as herself. I don't know of any one, though, who gives less than \$2 to upper servants on the occasion of a house party."

"A young girl may be excused from forgetting the chef and the coachman, but she ought to remember the footman, the lady's maid, the footman, the dress-maker, as well as that of the women who have waited on her."

"Any chance of doing away with fees altogether," she said, "seems to me to be among the class which is able to give and to attend house parties."

### NEW INKSTANDS.

One With an Eight Day Watch Set in the Under Side of the Cover.

Something new in inkstands is one having a watch set in the under side of the cover. When the inkstand is closed, there is no sign of the watch, but when the cover is lifted and thrown back on its hinges there appears the watch, always before the writer's eye.

This timekeeping inkstand is designed more especially for the use of business men, to be placed on an office desk, and of course, to be used in the home, writing table. It would not look inappropriate anywhere, for it is a thing of beauty as well as utility.

It is made of glass, with case of silver. The watch set in the under side of the cover is a silver watch, with eight days in reality an eight day watch, so that it need not be taken to bother about winding it too often.

Inkstands of this sort are made in various sizes, and in various materials. Some are simple, but handsome, some are more elaborate, and some are more ornate. They are all designed to be useful, and to be a thing of beauty as well as utility.

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### MRS. MAYBRICK FIRST SANG IT

"THE HOLY CITY" COMPOSED BY HER HUSBAND'S BROTHER.

An Incident in the Life of the American Woman Just Released From an English Prison—The Composer Helped to Convict Her of Her Husband's Murder.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Hear the angels sing; Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to the King.

It is not difficult to imagine Mrs. Florence Maybrick, once sentenced to death for the murder of her husband and now released, after spending many years in an English prison, singing the refrain of Stephen Adams' popular sacred song, "The Holy City." But it is not generally known that here was the voice which first gave utterance to the strains which were destined to become as world famous as those of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "The Lost Chord" or "The Palms," by Faure.

The song was the work of the younger brother of the man Mrs. Maybrick was convicted of poisoning. Its composer was her most relentless enemy, and was mainly instrumental in securing her conviction.

Few English composers have more successful songs to their credit than Stephen Adams. Few have made such a fortune out of royalties as he. It has been stated that "Nancy Lee" alone netted him a quarter of a million dollars. His "Warrior Bold," "Midshipmite" and "Blue Atlantic Mountains" were scarcely less successful.

He is now extremely wealthy, a Justice of the Peace and a member of the Victoria Yacht Club, and he has served two terms as Mayor of Ryde, Isle of Wight, in which capacity he has frequently entertained the King of England.

"Stephen Adams" is merely the name under which Michael Maybrick publishes his songs. Mr. Maybrick began his musical career as a baritone singer at local concerts around Liverpool. He is the son of a well-to-do shipping agent of Liverpool.

He and his brother were widely dissimilar in tastes, character and physique. The elder was a weakling, feeble of mind and body, a hypochondriac, addicted to the use of drugs and with a mind fixed upon commercial enterprises.

The younger, Michael, was a magnificent specimen of manhood, tall, broad and athletic. Of ardent temperament, he quit the counting house and studied music in Milan and Leipzig. The elder remained at home, always ailing, always scheming to secure more wealth.

The brothers had only one trait in common. They were both enthusiastic yachtsmen.

Mrs. Maybrick was a good musician, had a great liking for music, an excellent voice and a love of conviviality. Thus she drew together to some extent the brothers who had drifted apart.

Her husband owned a fine yacht, a feature of which was a music salon. There many well known singers and musicians were entertained. Michael Maybrick, who had just leaped into fame as the composer of "Nancy Lee," but as yet had not gathered in enough of the profits to indulge his passion for owning a yacht, was a frequent guest.

It was on one of these musical evenings, while the yacht was anchored in the Mersey, that Michael Maybrick produced from his pocket a manuscript song which he said he had written that afternoon, while dreaming the time away in his cabin, and listening to the plash of the water.

He caught the inspiring words of Weatherly's words, but the voice part only had been words, but the voice part only had been words, but the voice part only had been words.

Sitting at the piano, he vamped an introduction and asked his sister-in-law, Mrs. Florence Maybrick, to sing "The Holy City" from the voice part. She was an excellent reader, and readily did this, he filling in an extemporized accompaniment.

Thus it was her voice which, for the first time, stirred the air with strains destined to become almost classic.

It was some years after the trial of Mrs. Maybrick, and while she was shut off from the world, buried within prison walls, that "The Holy City" was published and became popular. Publishers to whom it was submitted shook their heads, and declared it too sombre in character and tone.

"Bring us another 'Nancy Lee,'" they said, "and we will give you a good price. Another 'Nancy Lee' would be a sure win."

This was very fine, but it isn't in the Stephen Adams style, and the public would not stand for it."

How erroneous was the judgment of those gentlemen has been proved by the popularity of the song. Before a year had passed they were clamoring for more of similar songs. "The Star of Bethlehem," "The Valley of the Sea," and "Children of the City" followed; but none of them equalled the success attained by the song which was first sung by Mrs. Maybrick, whose tragic history has at length been brought to a peaceful conclusion, and who may with special propriety be sung:

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### FADS OF THE NEW YORK GIRL

WHISTLER AND JUNO SUGGEST A COLOR SCHEME

Dame Fashion is a bit of a fakir. She found it easy to be very original and very stern when Paris and London petitioned for new fashions only semi-annually. But with the New York girl's demand for a supremacy, she has noticed, though, that when Fate runs short of situations and events, history is allowed to repeat itself; and who, indeed, is Fashion to rise superior to Fate?

And so now and again the newest fashion is but the oldest in fresh conditions. The first week is for peacock colors.

It was first Juno's fad some few thousand years ago—an annoying thought to the New York girl. But after all, Juno apparently created no great virtue for it, and managed it very badly, without an atom of subtlety. Any one could have a trained peacock. It is no more clever than to have a cocker spaniel or Boston terrier.

But to use a peacock color scheme in decoration, in dress, in jewelry, in one's wardrobe—that requires some brain. And gray matter is the New York girl's strong point.

In a high handed way she waves Juno's right to prior recognition aside, but her debt to Whistler she has to consider lest some one else should do it. The use of the peacock color scheme really came from the peacock and the account of the sale of Whistler's famous peacock room. Not that she has the intention of remotely imitating the particular decorative suggestion in it.

She is faintly obliged to "Mr. Butterfly" for painting the room, that's all; a shade more than